nearest town. We finally beached our boat and carried our duffel into the cabin. The cabin was made of handhewn birch logs and was furnished trapper-style for four occupants. It had inside a table, four chairs, a wood stove, a cabinet, and two double bunk beds. On each bed there were five Hudson Bay blankets and two flannel sheets and a pillow. Outside were the usual saw-buck, axes, and buck-saw, while up the trail in back of the cabin was a rustic log "Chic Sale". Later in the evening as we stood in the front door of the cabin, we could hear the call of the loon, the hurried scurry of chipmunks and skunks, and occasionally we could see a flock of teal ducklings following the drake and trying to run on the surface of the water. As we stood watching the sun slipping away behind the vast forest, we spotted a flock of Canadian Blue Geese winging its way across the tops of the white-trunked birches and passing by an old, windblown cedar which for years has stood as a landmark for woodsmen. While we watched this first sunset and mused over the grandeur of this beautiful lake and wilderness region, we thought of it as a monument to the Almighty or maybe just as one of the seven wonders of the world. Standing there, we decided we were certainly fortunate to live in a free country and to travel into the land of a friendly neighbor.

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What’s Wrong With the Movies
John Schneider

The trouble with the movies is that they are lacking in culture. The outer impressiveness of movies is very great—the perfect settings and costumes, and the skillful use of the camera; but most movies have an inner emptiness. That is, the plot is hollow and does not have any real meaning. The motives behind the action cannot stand up under closest analysis. Most movies appeal only to the eye and emotions and not to the mind.

The movie industry has substituted a commercial culture for a real culture. Producers are interested mainly in whether their pictures will make a profit; therefore they must make them appeal to the greatest mass of people. To do this, they must make the pictures as spectacular as possible, with famous stars, with much action, and with the usual, and very much
overplayed, "boy meets girl" routine. This combination has
been forced upon movie patrons for so long that they no longer
see anything wrong with it and never bother to analyze it to
see how silly are some of the pictures produced by Hollywood.
As long as the profits keep coming in, the producers will not
risk making cultural pictures, in which there is a chance of
loss.
The movies have great educational and cultural possi-
bilities. They should make people more clearly aware of man's
real needs and should not exclude man's inner life. If people
would not attend cheap pictures, Hollywood would be forced
to raise its standards and maybe realize that culture is not
just a form of entertainment but that it is a way of life.

"Thou Scornor of the Ground"
Robert Petty

Many people seem to go about their lives in a shell of
cold, insensitive hardness. They would believe that such
hardness is a necessary part of being mature.
The phrase by Shelley, "thou scornor of the ground,"
brings to mind an incident which shattered the shell of hard-
ness of one person. It was a bleak, cold day in late December.
A boy, somewhere in his teens, stood on a hilltop, ankle-deep
in week-old snow. In his hands was a new .22-caliber rifle. He
stood a few moments, looked about him, took several steps,
then stopped abruptly. He gazed far out and down across a
cornfield which had been reduced to a withered brown stubble
by the cold December wind. He saw three crows scratching
through the snow, searching for overlooked corn. Suddenly
there was a sharp crack and whine, as an ounce of lead whistled
down riflings, and sped on its deadly errand. Simultaneously,
angry caws and defiant cries echoed back. Down amidst the corn
stubbles an old crow hobbled along dragging a badly crippled
wing, while a few feet above him two other crows cawed and
cawed, trying their best to help him fly. He managed to reach
a small tree at the edge of the field, and climbed to the highest
branch. As the boy came toward him, he saw the other crows
fly away, leaving the injured one to the mercy of the stranger.
The boy stopped and watched the frightened bird make one
last bid for freedom. As he saw the crow wheel and clamor to